

Docip.

MY AUNT.

My aunt, my dear old aunt,
Long years have over her flown;
Yet still she claims the same old place
That binds her to her home.
I know it hurts her, though she looks
As cheerful as the sun;
Her waist is smaller than her life,
For life is but a span.
My aunt, my poor old aunt,
Her hair is almost grey;
Why will she strain that winter coat
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well?
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?
Her father, grandfather, forgive
This erring lip the smiles;
Vowed she should make the best girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school,
'Twas in her thirteenth June,
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."
They traced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laid her up, they started her down,
To make her light and small;
They finished her feet, they smoothed her hair,
They sewed it up with pins,
To never mortal mischief done,
To please her father's eyes.
So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandfather brought her back;
By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;
"Oh," said my grandfather, as he shook
"Some powder in his pan."
"What would this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?"
Also, for charity for her hand,
Nor hand it could be;
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been?
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one so unuttered rose
On my ancestral tree.

Neatness.

In its essence, and purely for its own sake, neatness is found in many a man's life. Many a man is neat for appearance sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is power in it. When a man consults a physician or a lawyer for the first time, or comes to rent a house or borrow money, he will come in his best dress; a lady will, in her carriage. A man who means business and honesty comes as he is; just as you will find him in his store, his shop, his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well; the most enterprising swindlers are faultlessly clothed, but countless multitudes are but white-washed sepias. Too many "don't care, so long as it will not be seen." Washington Allston, the great artist, the accomplished gentleman, suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he had just remembered that he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be; gave him a feeling of inferiority.

As persons are less careless of personal cleanliness and tidy apparel, they are infallibly and necessarily less of the angel, more of the animal; more under the domination of passion, less under the influence of principle. Said a poor servant girl, "I can't explain what change religion has made in me, but I look more closely under the doormat when I sweep than I used to." Intelligence, culture, elevation, give purity of body as well as purity of sense and sentiment.

Where you see a neat, tidy, cleanly, cheerful dwelling, there you will find a joyous, loving, happy family. But if filth and squalor, and a disregard for refining delicacies of life prevail in any household, there will be found in the moral character of the inmates much that is low, degrading, unprincipled, vicious and disgusting. Therefore, as we grow in years, we ought to watch eagerly against neglect of cleanliness in person, and tidiness in dress.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Singular Phenomenon at Milan.

On the 4th ult. a very peculiar phenomenon occurred at Milan. The rain was falling in torrents from heavy black clouds, when suddenly the heavens appeared to open and the sunlight poured through in a flood of color, illuminating the under edges of the clouds with tints as strange as brilliant. The whole atmosphere was tinged with the yellow glow for the space of a minute, when it changed into green and blue, and then the rent in the clouds disappeared, and the sombre sky of the early morning was as impenetrable as ever. The heavy rainfall during the phenomenon added to the singularity of the appearance. The people were convinced that the end of the world had come, and ran screaming up and down, or fell on their knees, praying and beating their breasts.

MISS MARIA MITCHELL, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, delivered a lecture on the Seven Stars of the Great Bear, recently, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Gramercy Park, in which she alluded to the woman question. She thought woman eminently fitted for success in astronomy, or any other science requiring precision and patience, instancing Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Summerville. The former gave invaluable help to her brother, the great Sir William Herschel, and herself made discoveries in astronomy. Mrs. Summerville translated the four great folio volumes of La Place into English.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL recently sent to the House the draft of a bill authorizing him to purchase a site for a Marine Hospital at a point convenient to the port of New York, and erect thereon a pavilion hospital of two-hundred-bed capacity, the cost of the site and buildings not to exceed \$250,000.

JOHN TABOR'S RIDE.

I WAS cruising some years ago on the southern coast of Africa. The vessel in which I was at that time had been out for a long time, and many of the crew were on the sick-list. Finding the crew in no less a condition, the captain put into Algoa Bay, where we had a temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the sick, and I was myself among their number. One night while I lay in the hospital burning with this dreadful fever, I felt an unusual sensation steal over me. My blood danced through my veins. I sprang up from my cot and as strong as a lion. I thought I never was better in my life, and I wondered how it was I had so long been deceived of my disease. A thrilling desire to exert myself came over me. I would have given worlds to contend with some giant. It seemed to me I could tear him to pieces, as a wolf would tear a lamb. Flashed with the idea of my infinite power, I rushed out and ran toward the beach, hoping to meet a stray elephant or hippopotamus on the way that I might pitch him into the sea; but very fortunately, I saw none. It was a calm, still night. There was scarcely a ripple on the bay. I put my ear to the sand to listen; for I might hear the breaches of a whale. I waited for a repetition of the sounds, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should miss them. Not a murmur, except the low heaving of the swell upon the beach, broke the stillness of the night. I was suddenly startled by a voice close behind me, shouting, "There she breaches!" and jumping up, I saw, standing within a few yards of me, such a figure as I shall never forget, even if not occasionally reminded of his existence, as I was tonight. The first thing I could discern was a beard, hanging down from the chin of the owner in strings like rope yarns. It had probably once been white, but now it was discolored with whale-gurry and tar. The old fellow was not more than five feet high. He carried a hump on his back of prodigious dimensions; but notwithstanding his apparent great age, which must have been over a hundred years, he seemed as spry and active as a mink. His dress consisted of a tremendous son-wester, a gaiter duck jacket, and a pair of well-tarred trousers, something the worse for the wear. In one hand he carried a harpoon; in the other a coil of short rope. I felt very odd, I assure you, at the sudden apparition of such a venerable whaleman. As I gazed upon him, he raised his finger in a mysterious and solemn manner, and pointed toward the offing. I looked, and saw a large whale sporting on the surface of the water. The boats were lying upon the beach. He turned his eyes meaningly toward the nearest. I trembled all over; for I never experienced such strange sensation as I did then.

"Shall we go?" said he.
"As you say," I replied.
"You are a good whaleman, I suppose? Have you ever killed your whale at a fifteen fathom draft?"

I replied in the affirmative.
"Very well," said he "you'll do."
And without more delay we launched the boat and pushed off. It was a wild whale-chase, that! We pulled and tugged for upwards of an hour. At last we came upon the whale, just as he rose for the second time. I sprang to the bow, for I wanted to have the first iron into him.

"Back from that!" said the old whaleman, sternly.

"It's my chance," I replied.

"Back, I tell you! I'll strike that whale!" There was something in his voice that inspired me with awe, and I gave way to him. The whale was four good darts off, but the old man's strength was supernatural, and his aim unerring. The harpoon struck exactly where it was pointed, just back of the head.

"Now for a ride!" cried the old man; and his features brightened up, and his eyes glared strangely. "Jump on! John Tabor, jump on!" said he.

"How do you mean?" said I; for although I had killed whales, and eat of them too, such an idea as that of riding a whale back never before entered my mind.

"Jump on, I say, jump on, John Tabor!" he repeated, sternly.

"But I won't!" said I, and my hair began to stand on end.

"You must," shouted the old whaleman.

"I won't," said I, resolutely.

"Won't you?" and with that he seized me in his arms, and making a desperate spring, reached the whale's back and drove the boat adrift. He then set me down, and bade me hold on to the seat of his ducks, while he made his own fastening by a good grip of the iron pole. With the other hand he drew from his pocket a quid of tobacco and rained it into his mouth, after which he began to hum an old song. Feeling something rather uncommon on his back, the whale set off with the speed of lightning, whizzing along as if all the whalers in the Pacific were after him.

"Go it!" said the old man, and his eyes flashed with a supernatural brilliancy. "Hold fast, John Tabor! stick on like grim Death!"

"What kind of a wild-goose chase is this?" said I, shivering with fear and cold; for the spray came dashing over us in oceans.

"Patience!" rejoined the old man; "you'll see presently." Away we went, leaving a wake behind us for miles. The land became more and more indistinct. We lost sight of it entirely. We were on the broad ocean.

"On! on! Stick to me John Tabor!" shouted the old man, with a grin of infernal ecstasy.

"But where are you bound?" said I. "If this don't beat all the crafts I ever shipped in!" and my teeth chattered as if I had an ague.

"Belay your jaw-tackle, John Tabor! Keep your main hatch closed, and hold on. Go it! go it, old sperm!"

Away we dashed, bounding from wave to wave like a streak of pigtail lightning. Whizz! whizz! we flew through the sea. I never saw the like. At this rate we travelled till daylight, when the old man sang out, "Land oh!"

"Where away?" said I, for I had no more idea of our latitude and longitude than if I had been dropped down out of the clouds.

"Off our weather eye?"

"That's the Cape of Good Hope?"

"N'er went John Gilpin faster than we rounded the cape."

"Hark down your flukes!" shouted my companion, and in five minutes Table Mountain looked blue in the distance. The sun had just risen above the horizon, when an island appeared ahead.

"Land ho!" cried the old man.

"Why, your bloody old popinjay," said I, peeping through the clouds of spray that rose up before us, "where are you steering?"

"That's St. Helena!"

And before the words were well out of his mouth we shot past the island and left it galloping astern.

"Stick on! stick on! John Tabor!" cried old greasy-beard; and I tightened my grasp on the seat of his ducks. The sea was growing rough. We flew onward like wild-fire.

"Land ho!" shouted the old man again. "Where's that?" said I, holding on with all my might.

"That's Cape Hatteras!"

Our speed now increased to such a degree that my hat flew off, and the wind whistled through my hair, for it stood bolt upright the whole time, so fearful was I of losing my passage. I had travelled in steamboats, stages and locomotives, but I had never experienced or imagined anything like this. I couldn't contain myself any longer; so I made bold to tell the old chap with the beard what I thought about it.

"Shiver me!" said I, "if this isn't the most outlandish voyage I ever went. If you don't come to pretty soon, you and I'll part company."

"Land ho!" roared the old man.

"What'd ye call that?" said I.

"Nantucket!" replied my comrade.

We passed it in the twinkling of an eye, and away we went up Buzzard's Bay. The coast was lined with old whaling skippers, spying us with glasses; for certainly so strange a sight was never seen before or since.

"There she breaches!" cried some.

"There she blows!" cried others; but it was all one to them. We were out of sight in a jiffy.

The coast of Massachusetts was right ahead. On we flew. Tabornston, the general receptacle for Tabors, stood before us. High and dry we landed on the beach. Still onward went the whale, blowing and pitching, and tearing up the sand with his flukes.

"My eyes!" said I, scarcely able to see a dart ahead, "look out, or you'll be foul of the town pump!"

"Go it! Never say die! Hold fast, John Tabor!" shouted the old chap; and helter-skelter we flew down Main street, scattering children and women and horses and all manner of live stock and domestic animals, on each side. The old Cape Horn and plumpudding captains rushed to their doors at a sight so rare.

"There she breaches! There she breaches!" resounded through the town fore and aft; and with the ruling passion strong even in old age, they came hobbling after us, armed with lances, harpoons, and a variety of old rusty whale-gear, the hindmost singing out:

"Don't you strike that whale, Captain Tabor!" and the foremost shouting to those behind, "this is my chance, Captain Tabor!" while the old man with the long beard, just ahead of me, kept roaring:

"Stick fast, John Tabor! hang on like grim Death, John Tabor!"

And I did hang on. As I had predicted, we feched up against the town pump; and so great was the shock that the old fellow flew head-foremost over it, leaving in my firm grasp the entire seat of his ducks. I fell myself; but being further aft, I didn't go quite so far as my comrade. However, I held on to the stern-sheets. As the old man righted up, he presented a comical spectacle to the good citizens of Tabornston. The youngsters seeing such an odd fish floundering about, got their miniature lances and harpoons to bear upon him, in a manner that didn't tickle his fancy much.

The whale at length got under weigh again, and onward we went, with about twenty irons dangling at each side. I grasped the old man by the collar of his jacket this time. A shout of laughter followed us.

"You've lost your whale, Captain Tabor!" cried one.

"Who's that aboard, Captain Tabor?" asked another.

"That's John Tabor!" was the reply.

"John Tabor, John Tabor, hold fast!" roared the old man, and away we went over hills and dales, and through towns and villages, flew we, till the Alleghenies hove in sight. We cleared them in no time, and came down with a glorious breach right into the Allegheny river. Down the river we dashed through steamboats, flatboats, and all manner of small craft, upsetting everything in our way, and astonishing the natives, who never saw anything in such a shape go at this rate before. We entered the Mississippi, dashed across all the bends, through swamp and canebrake, and at last found ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico, going like wildfire through a fleet of whalers.

Nothing daunted, the whale dashed ahead; the cost of South America hove in sight. Over the Andes went we—into the Pacific—past the Sandwich Islands—on to China—past Borneo—up the Straits of Malacca—through the Seychelles Islands—down the Mozambique Channel, and at last we fetched up in Algoa Bay. We ran ashore with such headway that I was pitched headforemost into the sand, and there I fastened as firm as the stump of a tree. You may be sure, out of breath as I was, I soon began to smother. This feeling of suffocation became so intolerable, that I struggled with the desperation of a man determined not to give up the ghost. A confusion of ideas came upon me all at once, and I found myself sitting upright in my cot in the old hospital—

Here Tabor paused.

Then it was all a dream? said I, somewhat disappointed. He shook his head, and was mysteriously silent for a while.—*J. Ross Browne.*

Annexation.

This discourse Mark Twain in the *Tribune*, on the question of annexing the Sandwich Islands:

We must annex those people. We can afflict them with our wise and beneficent government. We can introduce the novelty of thieves, all the way up from street-car pickpockets to municipal robbers and Government defaulters, and show them how amusing it is to arrest them and try them and then turn them loose—some for cash and some for "political influence." We can make them ashamed of their simple and primitive justice. We can do away with their occasional hangings for murder, and let them have Judge Pratt to teach them how to save imperiled Avery-assessors to society. We can give them some Bernards to keep their money corporations out of difficulties. We can give them juries composed entirely of the most simple and charming leeches. We can give them railway corporations who will buy Legislatures like old clothes, and run over their best citizens and complain of the corpse for smearing their unpleasant juices on the track. We can give them Tweed. We can let them have Connolly; we can loan them Sweeney; we can furnish them some Jay Goulds who will do away with their old-time notion that stealing is not respectable. We can confer Woodhull and Claflin on them. And George Francis Train. We can give them lecturers; I will go myself.

We can make that little bunch of sleepy islands the hottest corner on earth, and arrange it in the moral splendor of our high and holy civilization. Annexation is what the poor islanders need. "Shall we to men thought, the lamp of life deny?"

Advertising.

That judicious advertising pays is no more a disputed question. A dealer nowadays can open a new business, and in ten days enjoy as large a patronage as any other establishment, by advertising liberally and discreetly. Handbills and circulars are good in their way, but ten times more expensive than a conspicuous advertisement in the columns of a largely-circulated journal. Ben Franklin said "if a man can do business he should let it be known." Prompt and frequent announcements of new goods or staple articles are read, and when the reader's eye glances over a notice of something that he or she wants it is natural to suppose that the advertiser will receive the first call or benefit. An advertisement may be perused by a dozen persons, six of whom will pay on the strength of it, and yet the dealer will be ignorant of the fact. Dealers have only to keep good stocks and offer excellent inducements to purchasers, by advertising, to increase their trade vastly. A thorough trial will convince them that no other agency pays so well as the right kind of advertising.—*Troy Times.*

The Idler.

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life. He stands in our path, and we push him contemptuously aside. He is of no advantage to anybody. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a unit in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness, or he may "sponge" on his good-natured friends. But in either case he is despised. Young man, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is, that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. That law is a good one, and the bread we earn is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are too precious to be squandered thoughtlessly. Every man and every woman, however exalted or however humble, can do good in this short life, if so inclined; therefore do not be idle.

SOME sensible person writes to the *Chicago Tribune* protesting against the gilt and the glare of palace sleeping-cars at the expense of comfort to large numbers of travelers who would like to pay for a night's sleep but not for the ornamentation which to a satisfactory degree, at least, they can find in other cars when they are awake. He does not propose to do away with the present style for those who desire these more ostentatious locomotive bedrooms; but he believes it would pay to maintain a second grade of car for those unable to pay the present tariff—which is too high even for those who can afford it. A car might be built with all the comforts of the palace car in bed and bedding, but without the pigments, gilt, carving, and glass of the present vehicle. It pays to cater to the wants of the multitude. The third-class cars of the English and continental railroads are so profitable that the managers have put them on all the trains—express, lightning, and all. The first-class cars do not pay, and have become a mere luxury.

Caught in a Tunnel.

About six o'clock on Sunday evening, says the *Lockport Union*, four workmen in the employ of Richmond's manufactory entered the tunnel which carries the water from the Holly tunnel to drive the wheel for propelling the cable which is used by the *Union* office and for other mechanical purposes, to clear the passage of obstructions which have been long accumulating and interfere materially with the passage of the water to the wheel. A man was left at the outlet of the tunnel to keep the gateway clear of the debris which constantly was carried down as the men were at work. There was about a foot of water in the tunnel at the time, flowing through from the canal.

The man in charge of the gateway, after staying there upward of an hour found it lonesome, and, thinking no harm would ensue, started for his home, where, after smoking his pipe (he was of Tontonic origin), he turned into bed.

In the meantime his companions kept hard at work in the dark recesses of the tunnel, the deep gloom being only relieved by the light of a single lantern in the hand of Henry Steiner, who was stationed the nearest to the outlet by the gateway. They were at work in a row with their backs towards the outlet, those in front passing the ice and rubbish to those behind. Suddenly Steiner felt the water rising—looking behind him the light from the lantern revealed a moving wall of water and ice barring the return to the outlet, and moving slowly but surely onward. What was to be done? Before them escape was impossible! Behind them now surged that awful flood, chilling them to their heart's core with the crackling of its icy rush.

Now the water reached to their waists. The lantern was swept from Steiner's grasp, and to add to the horror of their situation they found themselves in total darkness. The nearer they advanced to the outlet, the deeper they found the water. Still this was their only hope.

Steiner was leading. They came together to the end of the tunnel. Confused, they could not find the ladder. The water is up even with their chins; can this be the chill of death which comes over them? A moment more and it will be too late, when suddenly Steiner bubbles forth a cry of joy. He has found the steps; he ascends, is followed by his comrades, and another moment they find themselves safe, treading the earth and breathing the cool night air. They were chilled to the marrow, but a few steps brought them before a roaring coal fire where their drenched garments were soon dried and their frigid limbs returned to consciousness. This was indeed a narrow escape from what might have been a most terrible death. Their adventure in the tunnel will never be effaced from the memories of the parties, and they will often turn back with a shudder to those few moments when they stood, as it were, upon the confines of eternity.

The Malignant Wheelbarrow.

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he never would think of falling over anything else, he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blithing curse on true dignity.—*Dumbury News.*

A CALIFORNIA paper describes the discovery of three villages of Zuni Indians, supposed to be the survivors of the ancient Aztecs. They dwell on the great trail from Fort Mohave, on the Colorado, to Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, and are about a day's journey from the diamond field. They number 6,000, and are very different from other tribes, being in looks, bearing and pride of dress a manifestly superior race. The women are comely and modest in dress; their houses are clean and their cooking good. Certain kinds of cloth are made by them. These people have fields of corn, wheat and vegetables, flocks of sheep and goats, and they keep all the domestic animals. They are friendly to the whites, never fight aggressively, but are stubborn in defence. Their houses are of stone, three stories high, and built in terrace form. They worship the Great Spirit, and believe He dwells in the sun.

That was a good, though rather a severe pun, which was made by a student in one of our theological seminaries (and he was not one of the brightest of the class either), one of the "brightest of the age?" and on all greatest revivalist of the age?" and on all "giving it up" said, "Because at the close of every sermon there is a 'great awakening.'"

Some people may not know that the wooden tobacco men, the gilt balls, the mortar and pestle, the big shoe, and other symbolic signs of tradesmen, are relics of a time when the public was so ignorant that lettered signs were useless, and the newspaper advertising of to-day did not exist, because people could not read.

A Sad Occurrence.

The Savannah News relates the following: On Christmas morning one of the saddest and most appalling incidents occurred at Christ Church that has been known in this city. The morning services had been concluded, and the candidates for confirmation, ten in number, were invited to the altar. One of these was Miss Lizzie Spencer—a most estimable young lady, about sixteen years of age, daughter of Captain W. H. Spencer—who was occupying a seat in the middle of the gallery to the right on entering the church. She came down stairs and moved up the aisles with the others, her young face revealing the deep seriousness which her heart felt. She approached the altar with the others, and was confirmed according to the rites of the church by Right Rev. Bishop Beckwith. After the confirmation ceremonies, Miss Spencer returned to her seat in the gallery, and had scarcely taken it when her head sunk forward on the railing.

Those in the vicinity attached no significance to this, imagining that it was merely an act of devotion, when suddenly the young lady sank from her seat and would have fallen upon the floor but for the promptness of Dr. W. H. Elliott (next to whose pew she was sitting), who caught her in his arms. Three or four gentlemen immediately approached and assisted in carrying her from the church. Considerable interest was occasioned in the congregation, whose attention was attracted by the commotion in the gallery, but the general inference was that the young lady, overcome by her feelings, had fainted. Alas! such was not the case. The gentlemen who were tenderly carrying the almost lifeless form noticed on going down the stairs that the gasps which now and then shook the frame grew fainter and fainter on reaching the vestibule.

"Take life away, and the last ray bright—
Went in that deep dream-sight."
A conveyance was at once procured, and the young lady was taken to her father's residence on Liberty street.

The announcement of this sad and melancholy ending of a life just dedicated to the Lord sent a thrill of solemn grief through the congregation.

Bishop Beckwith alluded to this visitation of Providence in a most feeling manner, and expressed the hope that all present might be as fully prepared to appear before their Maker, when summoned, as he believed the young lady, who but a few minutes before had stood before the altar in the freshness and glory of youth. His remarks touching the uncertainty of life, as illustrated by this sad incident, were very impressive, and were deeply felt by the congregation.

But a few months since it was our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. Spencer, the mother of this young lady, who died suddenly at her residence, of heart disease, whilst playing with her little child. The death of her daughter was produced by the same terrible disease. She has had the care of the little sister since the decease of her mother, and was the mainstay and comfort of her father. He was absent from the city on Wednesday, attending to his duty as pilot when the summons of this terrible affliction reached him.

A PRETTY severe sentence has just been passed upon a young man at the Annapolis Naval Academy for disobeying orders, using threatening language to and assaulting the sergeant of the guard, to wit: That he be confined two years at the marine barracks and perform police duty at the garrison during that period. He is also to wear during the same time a 12-pound ball attached to his left leg by a chain four feet long, and after his confinement he is to be dishonorably discharged from the service.

It is said that Barnum is going to exhibit a wonderful talking machine next Summer. Although it looks no more like a talking machine than an old-fashioned weaver's loom or a modern sewing machine, it converses plainly and distinctly in all languages, giving every intonation of the human voice to extraordinary perfection.

The only persons left at the Tip Top house, on Mount Washington, are three signal officers, who are equipped with a large stock of coal, four barrels of onions, about forty hams, twenty bushels of potatoes, a good supply of canned goods, and all manner of groceries, a violin, harmonicon, library and newspapers.

The peace of France seems to depend upon the ability of one poor old man to keep on his pins. Man worship is a bad thing for a great country. If some sudden calamity should strike down a score of the ablest political leaders in the United States, it wouldn't raise the premium on gold two cents.

CALICOES often fade simply because they are improperly washed. To insure their not fading, infuse three gills of salt into four quarts of water; put the calico in while it is hot, and let it remain until cold. By this means the color of the goods are made permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washings.

It is proposed to try the experiment in the lagoons near Lincoln, Nebraska, of raising oysters, which it is thought can be fed up to the proper saline standard from the neighboring salt springs.

A DOCTOR went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing.—"That's the consequence of having neglected your business," said his wife.

VERMONT proposes to erect that railway bridges shall be made wide enough to prevent the frequent decapitation of passengers by projecting timbers.

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